

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.
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The Camden Journal.

VOLUME XXXVI.

CAMDEN, S. C., JANUARY 1, 1878.

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ADVERTISING RATES.				
TIME.	1 lin.	1 col.	1 col.	1 col.
1 week.	\$1.00	\$5.00	\$9.00	\$15.00
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3 "	2.50	9.00	15.00	22.50
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Transient advertisements must be accom-
panied with the cash to insure insertion.

GONE AWAY.

I know a quiet country town,
By which a river falls and flows;
And in the dell and on the down,
The yellow sunlight glints and glows.

I know a square gray house of stone,
I never think of but I sigh,
Beyond whose garden, smoothly mown,
The rushing engines shriek and fly.

I know a chosen chamber there,
A fairy figure used to grace;
I know an eastern window, where
Was wont to watch a fairy face.

I thread the narrow winding street,
I linger in the lonely lane,
Which once were trod by fairy feet,
That will not tread their path again.

I love that quiet country town;
It is to me a sacred place;
And as I wander up and down,
Those vanished steps I seem to trace.

And still the hours serenely pass,
And still the busy river flows;
And still among the shining grass
The yellow sunlight glints and glows.

And there the house is, square and gray,
And there the new mown meadows lie
She used to gaze on day by day,
In faith, and dreamy reverie.

Yes, all is there—except the face,
That little window gazes forth;
And now, as I haunt the place,
The morning sunshines in scorn.

And there the house is, square and gray,
And there the new mown meadows lie
She used to gaze on day by day,
In faith, and dreamy reverie.

Was she in earnest?
BY CASSANDRA A. THORNDIKE.
"She abhors widowers," declared
Met Kingsley, puffing away at his
"meerschaum" and catching a faint
glimpse of his friend through the dense
clouds of smoke that rolled upward
toward the ceiling.
Edward Farnsworth looked gloomy,
but his countenance brightened a mo-
ment later, as he said—
"She knows nothing of my former
marriage, unless you have told her."
"Never spoke about you to her," he
acknowledged frankly.
"Then I shall not inform her of that
little event in my past history, until af-
ter I have won her," answered Ed, lean-
ing back in his chair and gazing dream-
ily out of the window, while the fair
form in white tulle, with blue eyes for-
get-me-nots tangled amid her wavy
tresses, whom he had met at a party the
evening before, looked before him in
imagination.

"Hush h-h!" whispered Minnie King-
sley, listening attentively, as she sat in
her friend's room at the hotel. "I be-
lieve I heard my brother's voice in the
next room; what can he be doing in
there, I wonder?"
After ten minutes of profound sil-
ence, Miss Kingsley turned a very rosy,
indignant face towards Miss Carlton.
"Who ever heard of such a thing!"
"Win me, indeed! He'll find out his
mistake," she exclaimed, a saucy smile
chasing away the frown which a moment
before had clouded her brow; and she
recounted what she had heard to her
old friend Lillie, with whom she planned
a conspiracy, saying, as she rose to go,
"I'll write you all about it, Lil." And
then good-bye were said, and they parted.
"I am sorry you were not at the party
last evening Met," said Minnie, as they
gathered around the breakfast table the
next morning.
"See many of your old acquaintances
there?" he asked, indifferently.
"Oh, scores! And—Here the vio-
let eyes dropped, until the long brown
lashes swept her cheek.
"And what?" he inquired, im-
patiently.
"And—why—Mr. Farnsworth was
there; he sat quite near me; and—he's
very fine looking, isn't he? And again
the snowy lids fell beneath her brother's
gaze.
"Is he?" laughed Met. "I am glad
you think so; your fancy is so peculiar
that I was afraid we should have an old
maid on our hands some day."
"Say a crabbed old bachelor, and you
would be nearer the mark," retorted his
sister.
"Thanks," smiled Mr. Kingsley, look-
ing at her complacently, as she pouted
over her coffee.
"Such lovely curly hair," soliloquized
Minnie.
"Thanks to the barber," answered
Met, maliciously, congratulating him-
self that Ed was not within hearing
distance.
She looked at him disapprovingly.
"All the barbers in creation could not
put a 'kink' into your straight locks,"
she replied.
"Well, his hair is red, any way,"
persisted Met, knowing that opposition
would make her only the more deeply
interested.
"A beautiful auburn," declared Min-
nie. "And such whiskers!"
"Certainly," assented he; a delicate
mouse color.

"For shame! How can you talk so
about one whom you profess to love as
a brother," said his sister reprovingly.
"For all that, I don't think he's
handsome," he answered honestly.
"Very fortunate that everybody is
not of the same opinion, or I suppose
you would be the only living man who
could boast of good looks."
"I make no pretensions," acknowl-
edged Met, "so don't let us quarrel about
the fellow, he isn't worth it," and the
young man very coolly lighted his cigar
and departed, wondering if Minnie was
really as much in earnest as she ap-
peared to be.

Mr. Farnsworth became a frequent
visitor at the Kingsley mansion, and was
treated so cordially, that his hopes rose
very high, and he made up his mind
before every call, to ask the all impor-

tant question; but when the time ar-
rived, his courage failed, and the words
remained unspoken.
"He is perfectly charming!" declared
Miss Kingsley, one evening after he had
left.
"The most awkward, uninteresting
fellow in existence," answered Met, in-
differently.
"He is considerably more interesting
than you, and I hope he'll propose be-
fore long."
"So do I," responded Met, fervently.
"I will give consent, and blessings, too,
if he will only marry you, and take you
out of the house; then I can have your
nice front room, it's much larger and
pleasanter than mine, you know."
Minnie left the room indignantly,
vouchsafing no reply.

Met dropped into his friends office the
following day, saluting him with a smart
slap on the shoulder, as he exclaimed—
"Farnsworth, I congratulate you!"
"Why, what about?" asked this gen-
tleman, turning so suddenly that his
sleeve hit the inkstand, upsetting it and
bleeding the manuscript he had been
preparing.

"What about? Why, Minnie thinks
you are perfection personified, and al-
most took my head off not long since,
because I said your hair was red."
Mr. Farnsworth blushed. He was
very sensitive in regard to his auburn
hair, and the idea of Met's calling his
sister's attention to its color wounded
and offended him.
"She calls you charming, interesting,
and by every eulogizing epithet ex-
pressed in Webster's Unabridged," contin-
ued Met, "and was only wishing last night
you would hurry up and propose."
"I will! I will!" cried Ed, springing
to his feet and pacing the room excitedly.
"She is the sweetest, prettiest, and
most sensible little girl in the world,"
he murmured.

"But, old boy, it is a pity to deceive
her so, as she still thinks you are a
bachelor; and just imagine how horri-
fied she will be when you introduce
those three young daughters and noble
son of yours at the wedding," suggested
Mr. Kingsley.
"Suppose I should tell her; what
then?" asked the unfortunate lover,
suddenly pausing in his rapid walk.
"If she loves you truly, as I have
every reason to believe she does, she
would overcome her antipathy to wid-
owers, and accept you any way," an-
swered Met.

"But I am afraid she would not, and
a refusal would—"
"Cause you to commit suicide," laugh-
ed the mercenary, tantalizing Met, as
he bade his friend good-day, and passed
out of the door.
A telegram came to Mr. Farnsworth
that afternoon, announcing the death of
his mother, and demanding his imme-
diate presence, so he must postpone his
interview with Minnie until some other
time.

"A letter for Minnie!" cried sister
Elsie, bounding into the room one af-
ternoon, and tossing the missile upon
the table.
"Ed's writing," he announced, as
his sister came forward to take it.
"It was a very long letter, and before
she had read the first page down, she
arose hastily and left the room. And
Met imagined that her eyes were full of
tears, but he was not certain.
"I have been married before," it said,
"but I feared to acquaint you with the
fact, lest you might dislike me, as you
expressed an aversion to widowers."
A dainty little letter was posted that
night, but as to its import, or the con-
tents of Edward's epistle, Met could
gain no satisfactory information.

One morning Minnie found an ex-
quisite bouquet resting at her plate, in
the midst of which nestled a tiny note,
from which a beautiful ring rolled out
when she unfolded it, and fell at her
feet.
He called for his answer during the
day, and she declared—
"I tried hard not to like you, but
somehow I couldn't help it."
And so Met was right after all in
saying that Mr. Farnsworth being a
widower would make no difference in
her affection for him; which the wed-
ding that speedily followed, proved.

Laws Passed.

AN ACT to amend the laws relating to
juries and jurors.
Section 1. Be it enacted by the Sen-
ate and House of Representatives of the
State of South Carolina, now met and
sitting in General Assembly, and by the
authority of the same: That the Board
of County Commissioners for the county
of Orangeburg shall prepare a new jury
list for the said county as soon as prac-
ticable after the passage of this Act;
and that grand and petit jurors shall
be drawn from the list so prepared, to
serve at the next ensuing session of the
Courts of General Sessions and Com-
mon Pleas for said county; and that
the grand and petit jurors so drawn
shall be taken and held to be the law-
ful jurors for the courts aforesaid in
like manner as if the said list had been
prepared during the month of January
last.

Section 2. That whenever the jury
list of any county shall be destroyed by
fire or other casualty, or whenever it
shall be held by any court of competent
jurisdiction that the jury list of any
county has been unlawfully prepared so
as to render void the drawing of jurors
therefrom, it shall be the duty of the
Board of Jury Commissioners of the
county to prepare a special jury list for
the said county forthwith, in the man-
ner now prescribed by law, from which
special list grand and petit jurors shall
be drawn for the Courts of General
Sessions and Common Pleas for such
county until the annual jury list shall
have been prepared for such county
during the month of January next
thereafter.

Section 3. That all acts or parts of
acts inconsistent with this act, be, and
the same are hereby, repealed.
Approved December 20, 1877.

JOINT RESOLUTION to require the Sec-
retary of State to ascertain and report
at the next session what lands have
been purchased for the State under the
Land Commission, and in what
counties, the prices paid, whether the
State has received titles and to
which, and what disposition has been
made of said lands.
Be it resolved by the Senate and
House of Representatives of the State
of South Carolina, now met and sitting
in General Assembly, and by the au-
thority of the same, That the Sec-
retary of State be, and he is hereby
required to ascertain and report at the
present session what lands have been pur-
chased for the State under the Land
Commission, and in what counties, the
prices paid, whether the State has re-
ceived titles, and to which, and what
disposition has been made of said lands.
Approved December 20, 1877.

Conkling, the silver-tongued orator
from New York and the leader of the
anti-Hayes party in the Senate, and
Senator Gordon had a very sharp little
fight in the Senate recently. They
called each other hard names and would
have fought it out according to the
code of honor had not the venerable
Hamlin from Maine and a couple of
other friends interfered. Gordon ought
to have shot the sneak. We are getting
strong enough to talk as we please
and another cowardizing after the Sum-
ner-Brooks pattern would do the whole
country good. When old Mart. Gary
goes to take Patterson's place we may
look for some consternation among the
Radical Senators. Gary will make them
move around lively.—*Albionville Medium.*

Short Shift in France.

In France the unfortunate criminals
under sentence of death never know the
time fixed for their execution until the
moment arrives; indeed, as a prisoner
casually condemned usually appeals as
a matter of course to the Cour de Cas-
sation against his sentence, they must
often be uncertain to the last whether
the sentence will be carried out. The
order for the execution is only sent to
the prison the evening before it is to
take place, and the criminal is not in-
formed of it till the fatal morning ar-
rives. At the time of our visit to this
prison, a correspondent writes, there
happened to be two unfortunate inmates
of the condemned cells. The next eve-
ning, but one, an order came down from
the ministry of the interior respecting the
one and directing the execution of the
other. At daybreak on the following
morning the wretched man was roused
from sleep and informed that his appeal
had been rejected, and he must prepare
for death, and in eighteen minutes, as
we were informed, from the moment he
awoke his head had fallen beneath the
guillotine.

Time.

In all actions which a man performs,
some part of his life passes. We die
while doing that for which alone our
siding life was granted. Nay, though
we do nothing, time keeps his constant
pace and flies as fast in idleness as in
employment. Whether we play, or
sleep, or dance, or study, the sun posts
on, and the sand runs. An hour of vice
is as long as an hour of virtue. But
the difference between good and bad ac-
tions is infinite. Good actions, though
they diminish our time here as well as
bad actions, yet they lay up for us a
happiness in eternity; and will recom-
pense what they take away by a plen-
tiful return at last. When we trade with
virtue, we do but buy pleasure at the
expense of time. So it is not so much
a consuming of time as an exchange.
As a man sows his corn, he is content
to wait a while, that he may, at the
harvest receive with advantage.

Solemnity and Dignity Versus Wit and Wisdom.

We have long noticed a tendency on
the part of the American people to a
sort of indiscriminating specialism.—
The current notion is that the man of
serious mental processes must neces-
sarily be an owl, and, conversely, that
the person of humorous proclivities
must be incapable of solemn thought.
But, bless your good soul, it is the
easiest thing in the world to be pro-
found. Gravity is the normal expres-
sion of the human countenance, and the
symbol of solemnity is the animal that
has the longest ears. We see no reason
why an argument should lose force be-
cause it happens to be garnished with
an illustration that appeals to the risi-
bilities. And we cannot comprehend
why a thesis should be judged prefer-
able to an epigram where both tend to
the same conclusion, or each leads to
the same conviction in the mind of the
reader. For example, why should we
say, "The energies of the Republican
party have been exhausted in an effort
to elevate the negro race to a position
that nature never intended it to occu-
py," when both the humor of the sub-
ject and the logic of the sentiment would
be more aptly fitted by the observation
that Kadishism had tired itself out in
the arduous task of holding the nigger
up by the tail as it were? In either
case the impression produced upon the
mind of the reader is that the elevation
of the negro was forced, unnatural and
erect alike to all parties concerned. But
the solemnly sonorous style would im-
ply that there was nothing ridiculous in
the attitude occupied by the negro in
politics; whereas in fact you may run
sack for the annals of the human race in
vain for such another travesty upon the
science of government as this has afforded.
Washington Post.

An Editor's Sanctum.

A few mornings ago, just after we
had swept up and made our bed look as
plump as a soda biscuit, we were sur-
prised at hearing a modest rap at the
door. Callers seldom rap—they usually
kick. When we answered the summons
we found two ladies awaiting entrance.
They told us they'd always had a curi-
osity to see how an editor's sanctum
looked and begged the privilege of en-
tering and looking round. They spent
the next half hour in extravagant praise
of our furniture, etc. "How spotlessly
clean he keeps his Brussels carpet—it
looks as fresh and bright as if it had
just come from the loom," said one; and
the other chimed in with "Yes, and do
look how sweetly that bed is made up.
Those pillows look like snow heaps and
the symmetrical plumpness of the bed
is somewhat wonderful." And thus
they went on, now bestowing the most
extravagant laudations upon our statuary
and oil paintings, and then going into
ecstasies over the diamond studded chan-
delier. They looked with admiration
upon our gold-mounted spittoons and
wondered where we got the enchanted
soap with which our towel had been
washed. They fairly shrieked their
appreciation of our beautiful lace cur-
tains and stared in mute admiration be-
fore our gold-framed full-length mirror.
"Is this indeed an editor's quarters, or
are we in a fairy-land?" one of them
gasped, and the other, sinking on the
luxurious sofa, sobbed, "I don't know
—I am bewildered by the magnificence
around me."
Heigho! The above, alas, is merely
a fable. It is true that we were called
upon by two ladies, but ye gods! what
a spectacle met their gaze. When they
entered we crawled under the bed among
the old boots and sardine cans and re-
mained there till they left. Their de-
sire for laughter still rings in our ears.
Their sarcastic remarks still lacerate our
bosom.—*P. A. (Ky.) Patriot.*

The Violin.

In the case of violinists, their virtu-
osity is not altogether the result of fin-
ger dexterity and pure technical skill
as with piano players. The violin is
an instrument which has almost human
capacities, and has, so to speak, sym-
pathetic relations with the mood of the
performer. The smallest discomfort,
the slightest disturbance of the spirits,
a breath of emotion, finds in it an im-
mediate echo; and such may be the case
because the violin, pressed close to the
breast, participate in the beatings of
the heart. This however is only the
case with artists who really have a heart
in the breast which does beat, and above
all, a soul. The more prosy, the more
heartless a violin player is, so much the
more regular will his execution be,
and he can reckon on the obedience of
his fiddlebow at any hour and in every
place; but this much belated certainty
of execution is only the result of spirit-
ual mediocrity, and the greatest masters
were those whose faculties of playing
were unfrequently depended on outward
and inward influences. I have never
heard any one play better than Paganini,
and I can say the same of Bruch.
He is perhaps the greatest violinist of
our day, and resembles Paganini as
much in failing as in genius. His ab-
sence this winter is much regretted.
Saxoni was a very poor substitute, yet
we heard him with pleasure, since he
was born in Genoa, and as a child in
his native city may have met Paganini.
People have said that he was a pupil of
the latter. No, Paganini never had a
pupil, since the best part of what he
knew—that which is the highest in art
—can neither be taught nor learned.—
Heinrich Heine (1811.)

Golden Leaves.

She was searching over the golden
leaves which the frosts of October had
detached from the stiffened twigs. Her
auburn hair took on the glint of gold
as the bright sun streamed down over
chimney and roof and tree top, and the
tender lines around her mouth deepened
as she whispered:
"O, golden leaves, your life is typical
of—"
At that moment her mother came to
the gate, sleeves rolled up, and her big
red hands hiding the view of the back
yard.
"Pawing over them leaves again, ar'
ye?" she exclaimed, as she caught sight
of the sentimental maiden. "Well, now
you trot in here, and wash out the rest
of them colored clothes, or I'll paw you,
I will."
"Yes, mother dear; but these golden
—"
"Trot, I say! Good bar soap is the
goldenest thing in market, and a wash-
board costs more money than all the
yaller leaves on the street."
And the gentle maiden trotted.
A story is told of a shrewish Scotch
woman who tried to wean her husband
from the public house by employing
her brother to act the part of a ghost,
and frighten John on his way home.
"Why are you?" said the gentleman, as
the apparition rose up before him from
behind a bush. "I am old Nick," was
the reply. "Come away, man," said
John, nothing daunted, "gie's a
piece of your hand, I'm married to
yours."
The man who couldn't be
went to bed in the dark.

What is Trouble?

A company of Southern ladies were
assembled in a lady's parlor, when the
conversation turned upon the subject of
earthly affliction. Each had her story
of peculiar trial and bereavement to re-
late, except one pale, sad-looking wo-
man, whose lustrous eye and dejected
air, showed she was a prey to the deep-
est melancholy. Suddenly arousing
herself, she said in a hollow voice—
"Not one of you know what trouble is."
"Will you please, Mrs. Grey," said the
kind voice of a lady, who well knew her
story, "tell the ladies what you call
trouble?"
"I will if you desire it," she replied,
"for I have seen it. My parents pos-
sessed a competence, and my girlhood
was surrounded by all the comforts of
life. I seldom knew an ungratified wish,
and was always gay and lighthearted.
I married at nineteen one I loved more
than all the world beside. Our home
was retired, but the sun never shone on
a lovelier one or a happier household.
Years rolled on peacefully. Five chil-
dren sat around our table, and a little
curly head still nestled in my bosom."
"One night about sundown one of
those black storms came on which are
so common to our Southern climate.
For many hours the rain poured down
incessantly. Morning dawned, but still
the element raged. The whole Savan-
nah seemed afloat. The little stream
near our dwelling became a raging tor-
rent. Before we were aware of it our
house was surrounded by water. I
managed with my babe to reach a little
elevated spot, on which a few wide-
spreading trees were standing, whose
dense foliage afforded some protection,
while my husband and sons strove to save
what they could of our property. At
last a fearful surge swept away my hus-
band, and he never rose again. Ladies,
no one ever loved a husband more, but
that was not trouble."
"Presently, my sons saw their danger,
and then the struggle for life became
the only consideration. They were as
brave, loving boys as ever blessed a mo-
ther's heart, and I watched their ef-
forts to escape with such agony as only
mothers can feel. They were so far off
I could not speak to them, but I could
see them closing nearer and nearer to
each other, as their little island grew
smaller and smaller.
"The sullen river raged around the
huge trees; dead branches, upturned
trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cat-
tles, masses of rubbish, all went floating
past us. My boys waved their hands
to me, and then pointed upward. I
knew it was a farewell signal, and you
mothers can imagine my anguish. I
saw them all perish and disappear, and
yet—that was not trouble."
"I hugged my babe close to my heart,
and when the water rose to my feet, I
climbed into the low branches of the
tree, and so kept retiring before it till
an all-powerful hand stayed the waves
that they should come no further. I
was saved. All my earthly possessions
were swept away, and all my earthly
hopes were blighted—yet that was not
trouble."
"My babe was all I had left on earth.
I labored night and day to support him
and myself, and sought to train him in
the right way; but as he grew older,
evil companions won him away from
home. He ceased to care for his moth-
er's counsel; he would sneer at her
entreaties and agonizing prayers. He
left my humble roof that he might be
unrestrained in the pursuit of evil; and
at last, one night when heated by wine,
he took the life of a fellow being, and
ended his own upon the scaffold. My
Heavenly father had filled my cup of
sorrow before; now it ran over. This
was trouble, ladies, such as I hope his
merciful will save you from experiencing."
There was not a dry eye among her
listeners, and the warmest sympathy
was expressed for the bereaved mother,
whose sad history had taught them such
a lesson.

Questionable Diet.

Egyptian women owe much of their
beauty, 'tis said, to a dish consisting of
beetles. A traveler in Egypt saw a
number of Circassian and Georgian fe-
male slaves sitting on shore, where they
had just landed from a ship. They
were pale, thin, rough skinned, tawny
haired, unkempt, in coarsest attire, and
were in pursuit of flies. He expressed
his disappointment to an Egyptian drag-
oman standing near, who, with a grace-
ful waive of his hand, replied, "Oh, Ef-
fendi, could you see these women three
months hence you would say that the
prophet had fitted them for heaven.
Good mashed beetles and generous pills
shall make them plump; the daily bath
shall give their skins the hues of creamy
milk and their joints the suppleness and
grace of the gazelle. With new health
their eyes shall sparkle with mirth and
be bedewed with tenderness, the rose
shall bloom on their cheeks and the
gold shall gild their tresses. God is
great!" And he might have added,
"mashed beetles are the profit of the
larem traders." Does this incident of-
fer a suggestion to ambitious American
belles?

The Sleeping Child.

There are seasons peculiarly sweet
and soothing. There seems something
holy in the air of the lighted cham-
ber wherein no sound is heard but the soft
breath of the sleeping infant. I feel at
such times as if brought nearer to the
Divine presence, and with every care
and busy thought gathered into silence,
almost seem as though admitted to the
company of the angels who keep their
appointed watch around the little child,
one desire only filling, my soul—that
my children may grow and walk in the
way of righteousness. At such mo-
ments, too, how clearly is perceived and
acknowledged the claim of the Creator
over the creature He hath formed.
He hath breathed into it the breath of
life, and made it a living soul, and hath
given it to a mother's keeping. She
bows herself before Him and receives
from His hand this pearl of great price,
when the Lord makes up His jewels to
be required of her again.

Trust Her.

Confidence is everything between
man and wife, and a woman who loves
desires to be trusted. She would not
be glad when he is sad. She would not
be ignorant of his troubles or anxieties.
Anything is better to her than to be
shut out from the innermost of the life
of one who should be hers, as she is all
his. Women generally are averse to
keeping things to themselves, and a
husband is often overladen with con-
fidence, but many really affectionate men
lead, as far as their wives are concerned,
a double life. (Of that which they think
is not domestic they think it right to
say nothing. Some grievous trouble
may be upon them—dread of failure,
certainly of loss; remorse for some mis-
take has been plucked them into anxi-
ety—and they make no sign of it save
by a change of manner, which to the
women who are ignorant that they have
any care, is incomprehensible. The
wife would gladly be sympathetic; but
when she knows nothing of her leige-
lord's trouble, all her intuitions cannot
keep her from flying to the conclusion
that it is a personal matter—that she is
no longer loved, or that he loves some
one else.

To-Morrow.

To-morrow may never come to us.
We do not live in to-morrow. We can-
not find it in any little deeds. The man
who owns whole blocks of real estate
and great ships on the sea does not own
a single minute of to-morrow. It is a
mysterious possibility not yet born. It
lies glittering under the seal of mid-
night, behind the veil of glittering con-
stellations.
Enjoy the present, whatever it may
be, and not be solicitous for the future;
for if you take your foot from the pre-
sent standing, and thrust it forward to
to-morrow's event, you are in a restless
condition. It is like refusing to quench
your present thirst by fearing you will
want to drink the next day. If to-
morrow you should want, your sorrow
would come time enough, though you
do not hasten it. Let your trouble tar-
ry till its own day comes. Enjoy to-
morrow's day, if God sends them, and
the evils of to-day bear patiently and
sweetly, for this day is ours. We are
the dead of yesterday, and not yet born
to-morrow.

He Struck the Wrong Man.

"See what feet!" exclaimed a dapper
little Chicago dandy, as he pointed to
the tremendous pedal extremities of an
overgrown but honest looking country
youth who happened to be passing at
the time.
"Oh-ho-ho!" laughed a crowd of bro-
ther "styles."
"I swear, though," continued the first
speaker, "if I don't believe that fellow
washes twice as lawdgo a foot as I
do."
"Yes," quietly said the youthful coun-
tryman, as he turned half around in
his course, "and twice as large a hat,
too."
And the dandy,
sides with
somed
John, nothing daunted, "gie's a
piece of your hand, I'm married to
yours."
The man who couldn't be
went to bed in the dark.